Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor; ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſervance, that you ore-ſtep not the modeſtie of Nature: For any thing ſo ore-done is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature, ſcorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have ſeene play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, not to ſpeak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let thoſe that play your Clownes ſpeake no more than is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren ſpectators to laugh too, though in the meane time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pitifull ambition in the Foole that uſes it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, and Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. Will you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as juſt a man
As ere my converſation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? why ſhould the poor be flattered?

No,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY O